THE PORT FOLIO,

(NEW SERIES)

BY OLIVER OLDSCHOOL, ESQ.

Various;—that the mind
Of desultory man, studious of change,
And pleas'd with novelty, may be indulg'd.
COWPER.

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ORIGINAL PAPERS.

CLASSICAL LEARNING.

For The Port Folio.

IN a late Port Folio, we announced, with an exultation which we warmly felt, that, by the favour of a friend, we had access to some of the MSS of Dr. NESBIT, the late venerable and learned Principal of Carlisle College. The following are his introductory remarks on the utility and beauty of CLASSICAL LEARNING. This union of persuasion and argument in favour of those immortal authours, who have adorned the fairest ages of literature, we hope, will be attentively regarded by all, who are ambitious to write and to speak well. When a taste for the beautiful reliques of antiquity shall induce the aspiring youth and studious gentlemen of the country, patiently to explore the imperishable pages of Demosthenes, Cicero, and Virgil, the arts of Composition and of Eloquence, so honoured and valued in every free government, will flourish, as in another Athens, or Rome, and the oratours and writers of America may safely challenge a liberal comparison with the best efforts of the most rhetorical speakers, and purest writers of the other hemisphere.

The perspicuous, instructive, and elegant Lectures, in which the merits and character of the classical writers are discussed ably, as well as agreeably, will be published in course, and form an article in The Port Folio, of such genuine merit, that, however censured the Editor may be for the choice, or the composition of other essays, for the publication of this he is sure of the commendation of every scholar in the country.

ON THE ANCIENT LANGUAGES AND A CLASSICAL EDUCATION.

KNOWLEDGE, however excellent in itself, and however beneficial to mankind, has always had some enemies; so that those who are engaged in the pursuit of it, need not be surprized if they do not meet with respect from *the multitude*. They may comfort themselves, however, by reflecting that those, who despise knowledge, are ignorant of its worth, and therefore that their judgment in a matter with which they are not acquainted, is of no weight or authority.

The enemies of Learning pretend that the study of Languages, in general, is useless; and they apply this observation, with apparent triumph, to the study of the Latin and Greek Languages, because they are not now spoken in any part of the world, and the most valuable works in both have been faithfully translated.

The study of languages has always been a part of the education of youth, among civilized nations, and the Greek and Roman languages have been so long in possession of the esteem of mankind, that it is probable they will continue to make a part of polite education, in spite of all the endeavours of the ignorant, to represent them as useless.

What idea those people have of usefulness, who represent the study of the dead languages as useless, is extremely easy to guess. They mean, that a student will not make money by understanding these languages. But is money the only object in the world worth the seeking, and the art of gaining money the only one in which youth are to be instructed? The greatest admirers of money will not pretend this. But although this were actually the case, and money the great object of human diligence, yet it must be owned, that that kind of education which is recommended by the admirers of money is often as ineffectual for the end in view, as the study of Greek or Latin. And those who are taught these languages, are, at least, in no worse situation than others, for discovering the most probable means of acquiring wealth, with this additional advantage, that if they acquire it, they are MORE *capable of enjoying it with dignity, and propriety.*

The eminence to which the Greeks and Romans arrived renders their language and history an object worthy of curiosity, besides that their writings are the only mean by which we can know any thing of other nations, they being the only people, who cultivated the study of letters, and took care to transmit the knowledge of interesting facts and eminent characters to posterity.

To acquire a sufficient knowledge of these celebrated people, we ought to study their Language, their History, their Religion, their Laws, and those customs, that prevailed in private life, which so often throw much light on national characters, and give us a more exact knowledge of remote ages. These are to be discovered chiefly in their poetry, and such performances as describe Life and Manners, as the gravity of History seldom descends to describe the transactions of private life, however interesting they may be to posterity.

When we consider, that of all the literary performances of the Romans, sixty books only, have been preserved to our times, and many of these mangled and defective, while no less than three thousand Greek authours are still extant, we may admire the ravages of war, and the caprice of fortune; and be convinced, at the same time, that the study of letters was much more prevalent in Greece, than in the Roman empire.

Those who have only a superficial acquaintance with the ancients, will find their works insipid and disgusting, from the confused ideas of their manners, which their imperfect reading has enabled them to make, and from the injudicious comparisons they are apt to form, of ancient to modern times.

For the right understanding of ancient authours, we ought to consider the times wherein they lived, their notions of Religion and Morals, the state of Science, and the form of Government, under which they wrote, and the notions which their circumstances led them to form of human nature, as without this knowledge, their writings must appear unintelligible, as well as trifling to modern readers.

The ancient writers may be divided into several classes: poets, historians, oratours, and philosophers. Some few works of criticism have likewise been preserved. Of these the poets are the most ancient and most celebrated, though we have the works only of a few of them. As poetry is the most ancient mode of composition, it admits of great variety, and has been successfully applied to many subjects. In the ruder ages, the maxims of moral wisdom, the traditionary History of ancient times, the rude Elements of Science, the Laws of States, and the Maxims of the common Arts of Life, were all delivered in verse; and this mode of composition being the fittest to commit to memory, was suited to those ages, wherein writing was unknown, and constituted all the learning of those early times. Homer, the most ancient poet extant, and, at the same time, the most voluminous, could neither write nor read. His poems were recited by himself, and consigned to the memories of the bards, or rhapsodists of Greece and Asia, from whom Lycurgus collected them, and Solon and Pisistratus are said to have digested them into the form and order in which they now appear.

(*To be continued.*)

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For The Port Folio.

CURSORY SKETCHES

IN PENNSYLVANIA AND THE BORDERS OF MARYLAND AND VIRGINIA.

To —— at Coldenham, New-York.

(*Continued from page 379.*)

My dear S——, will trace our route, this morning, through a country, wrapt in hazy gloom, the landscape dimly seen, and the frequent recurrence of water, fordable, though turbid and deep, giving conspicuous variety to the borders of the Southern state. We stoped to make inquiries, respecting agricultural subjects, and were told that when the Hessian fly, was making some depredations on the wheat, in 1805, they were so numerous, as totally to obscure the Sun. Thus do travellers, receive and circulate intelligence, to which common sense refuses credibility. Heavy rain met us at Woodbu-

ry, where we dined. The rapid winds suddenly, brought up a column of terrifick blackness, flashes of lightning and reiterated peals of thunder, scattered the ash-coloured clouds across the Eastern hemisphere. We were on a considerable elevation, which commanded a grand view of the passing storm. Our progress was impeded a few hours; when the rural world reassumed an animated glow. The air was perfumed with clover bloom, the rose of June unfolded its damask leaf, and the snowy blossoms of black-berries, gayly decorated the hedges. Here we saw a Roman Chapel, half imbosomed in trees, amongst which the flowering poplar, was distinguishingly beautiful. From a schoolhouse, on the road side, a number of youthful voices, sent forth a simple strain. The mountain's dark verge now towered in prospect, and as a sunbright radiance tinged the blue horizon,

The mind, o'er Heaven's illumined arch,
Mused on the Architect Divine.

We checked our horses, to survey this romantick spot, I shall never forget the melody of that impressive moment.

Within the solitary grove,
As Zephyr fann'd the quiv'ring spray,
Building its little bow'r of love,
And breathing soft, a melting lay,
The pensive vesper song was heard,
Hymn'd by a tuneful Southern bird.
E'en now, on Fancy's raptured ear,
The plaintive trill vibrates again:
The woodnote wild, so soft, so clear;
Its cadence sweet, its soothing strain,
And all its mellow tones impart,
Thrilling remembrance to the heart.

After crossing the Monocky, we gladly marked our near approach to Fredericktown. Its pleasant situation together with a large and airy house of Mrs. Kimbler, promised us agreeable accommodations. Her absence was supplied by the attention of her daughter; the order and regularity of her household, happily conduced to the ease and comfort of strangers, who were gratefully sensible of those kind offices, which sooth and alleviate life's weary hour. In the evening, as the Church bell rang, a Maryland gentleman observed it was to remind the people of Frederick, that *Sunday* was approaching. The Sabbath arrived; but not with all those accompaniments, which usher in the day at home. The loaded waggons were pursuing the usual routine of business, and the coloured inhabitants, who were released from labour, wasted the interval in noise and riot. Our friends, the L— party, rejoined us here. We mutually appreciated the happiness resulting from a due observance of the Sabbath. R. B. L. smiled at the warmth of our eulogium, on all that we admired. He renewed a polite invitation to his habitation, predicting that every local prepossession would vanish, if Virginia's pleasant attractions met our view. Yet, in this part of our tour, there was a shade of "darkness to be felt." L— anticipated our sentiment and sighing said, it was a grievance harder to be endured by masters than slaves: but tell me not that I am not *national* when I acknowledge the cordial urbanity, and openness of character, southward of Pennsylvania, which obtains a vast superiority over the retiring coldness of our state manners. Travellers, in quick succession, gave an endless diversity to the scene, which now exchanged the L— family for a coach full of Carolinians: gay variety and pleasing manners rendered Col. L. M. and his party a valuable addition to the society at the inn. They had collected some brilliant petrifactions at a cave near Staunton, in Virginia: It was described with very many allurements, for the curious: but it was not our object to penetrate into caverns; or to investigate the earth's internal structure, all that was beautiful or novel on its surface, we traced with interest and delight. To the politeness of a young gentleman of this family we owe several specimens to enrich *Caroli's* cabinet at home. Here The Port Folio arrested our attention; with avidity, we each selected a number, greeting it, as the face of a friend. Its early writers, with some interesting anecdotes of Florian and Ithacus, enlivened conversation, and imperceptibly placed us in the same literary circle. From the civility of some, and the talents of

others, our pleasures multiplied and the sphere of our enjoyments enlarged. We were perpetually reminded of the different result of habit and education in the American character. It would seem incredible that the slight barrier of rivers, or the small space that forms the boundaries of Pennsylvania and Maryland, should produce manners so dissimilar, and mental features so distinctly marked. Before the sun was invisible, we ascended the *house top elevation* to view the vicinity of the town, and were highly gratified with a distant prospect of mountains, on which the daystar left its warm lustre; the miniature beauties that surrounded us, were tinged with a faint glow, *yet so* mutable was the colouring, that as we gazed, Twilight wove her dim veil.

Fredericktown.

A clear morning, at 7 o'clock, had by general consent, assembled the ladies in their riding habits, and the gentlemen in travelling equipment. As the only expedient to relieve the toils of the day, Col. L. M. recommended a double portion of patience to us, who were to meet the fatigue, which they had happily surmounted. Here we parted, with many kind wishes and warm adieus. The roads were extremely rough, and so cut by heavy waggons, that before we had advanced three miles from Frederick, the screw which fastened our traces was broken, and on the ascent of a rugged hill, we alighted, fearfully anticipating a pedestrian tour. The invincible spirit of P—— received a check, when he beheld a feminine triumvirate, silently wandering with the petit musician, as their escort, yet, ever fertile in means, the accident was quickly repaired, and excessive weariness was beguiled by the reward that was to recompense our exertions: 20 miles in advance marked our approach to Harper's ferry. The base and acclivities of the hills were completely covered with a rich bloom of pink and white laurel. This attractive shrubbery, was rendered singularly beautiful by contrasting the blushing tints of its buds, with the whiteness of the full-blown flower. Evergreens, and other small trees extended their branches into the carriage, whilst clusters of wild violets filled the gale with their fragrance, but this was the softened lineaments of nature, the grand outline that now presented, the pencil and the pen would delineate in vain. Stones and rude fragments of rock had rendered the soil scarcely discernible. On one side a cragged pile rose in terrifick grandeur, projecting over the road, and threatening instantaneously to crush the feeble atoms, that were below. The aching eye looked out dismayed, the solemn roar of distant waters broke upon the ear, and the bold and rapid waves of the Potomack now murmured, as they rolled along. Before us vast mountains towered, on whose awful heights a deep blue veil seemed suspended. This chain of wonders lifted the heart in adoration of that Power, by whom "mountains were molten, and vallies cleft." Here the Shanandoah mixes its waters with the Potomack, presenting an impressive picture of wild magnificence, in the passage of those stately rivers, through the mountain's chasm, disjointing immense piles of rock and forcing their way through the Blue Ridge, whose cloud-capt eminence frowned, awfully sublime.

This moment, my friend, was the first in my life, wherein realities exceeded the measurements of fancy.—We dined on the Virginia side, but the novelty of our situation, gave us slight appetites. A deep-toned bell summoned the workmen to the armoury and the arsenal, our attention was directed thither; but the works of art were so inconsiderable, compared with the sublimity of nature, that all curiosity respecting them sunk, whilst in mute astonishment, we saw the sun retiring from the visible horizon, and the gloom of evening suddenly approach.

"Deepening the murmur of the falling floods,
"And breathing browner horrour on the woods."

Sleep was banished from our pillow, and we traversed the chamber at midnight to view the stars glittering

over the summits that encircled us.—When we beheld the nocturnal world clothed in its sombre mantle, and listened (amid nature's dread silence) to the hoarse murmur of water falling over rocks, and dashing against the shore, we rendered homage to those attributes Omnipotent, in creating and mercifully placing boundaries to the waves. Gladly we marked the faint beam of morning, and saw the sun casting its glories over the river's intermingling currents. A broad glare of light was diffused on surrounding objects, as we ascended the high grounds, leading to Shepherdstown. A new creation seemed starting into existence, and fancy doubtfully realized the romantick scenes, from which we had so recently emerged. On the borders of Virginia, the landscape softened into perfect tranquillity: the woodlands were solitary, the traces of inhabitants indistinct, and cultivation lost that animated charm, which we observed in the cheerful haunts of agriculture in Pennsylvania. We often wanted water in this day's excursion. The springs were at a distance from the huts. At a lowly roof we obtained a pellucid draught for ourselves, but the kindness was not extended to our horses, an ancient black woman protested against their drinking out of her *new tin bucket*, we had no right to dispute her privileges, and as our languid looks beguiled her of an egg, we thankfully accepted a gratuity, with the aid of which, we pursued our ride to Martinsburg, 200 miles from home. This spot, though elevated, wore an unpleasant appearance. A gloomy prison, shattered houses, and an air of desolation reigned. The inn was commodious and our repast in handsome style. At eventide we heard a number of workmen, singing a patriotick song, in praise of America's hero. We became reconciled to our situation (perhaps) in consideration of this grateful tribute to Washington.

Adieu.

(To be continued.)

POLITE LITERATURE.

For The Port Folio.

If we could retrace the progress of nature in an individual, up to the origin of his animal existence, and take into consideration all the accidents whereby he might, in any manner, have been affected, we should be able to give some account of those peculiarities of constitution, or temperament, which make such a diversity among mankind. If I were endued with such discernment, I confess I should take a particular pleasure in discovering the immediate causes of that extreme sensibility, that rather suffers, than enjoys, the common lot, and scorns the dulness of vulgar wishes. I would remark the delicate structure of the organs, the vivid elasticity of the fibres, and the exalted form of the spirits; which altogether make up a mass of sensation, if I may use the expression, and result in habits but little suited to the ordinary business of human life.

Although this or any other temperament may be be derived with our very being, it is extremely probable that it undergoes considerable alteration, especially in that susceptible period of life, when education undertakes to mend the workmanship of nature.

Those who are bred to labour acquire sinew and athletick ability; and as the hand, that is inured to the axe-helve, contracts a callus that knows nothing of the sensations of touch, so it is probable that laborious employment superinduces an apathy on the mind itself, that suppresses the ardour of imagination, and defies the incitement of poetick images, however beautiful or interesting. Even liberal education may have different effects, as it directs the attention of the student to objects of fancy and taste on the one hand, or to the more abstract studies of pure science on the other. In the former case, Knowledge and Sentiment go hand in hand; the heart and the head are jointly cultivated; and nothing is well understood until it is recognized by its appropriate passion: in the latter, the progress is merely intellectual, and every object assumes an air of severity, that tolerates no emotion, and prohibits the play of fancy as mere impertinence. Hence the reader must excuse me, if I should not expect to find much amiableness in a profest mathematician—the answering look, the sympathetick glow, in a cold configuration of angles and right lines, that owned no relation, and paid no regard to any thing, but the axiom upon which it was built.

It must be owned too, that climate has its effect upon the temper—that even different qualities of the atmosphere within the same climate may be attended with considerable varieties of human nature. Not only do the equatorial ardours produce an excitement, unknown in the frozen regions

of the north, but the inhabitants of the highlands within our own observation, are as superiour to their neighbours of the swamp in spriteliness as in situation; and at a time when sensibility made good its pretensions to, or rather its identity with genius in Athens, the poor Bœotians were excused for their stupidity on account of their breathing a thick air.

There is indeed a very evident difference between sensibility and learning, and it will be granted too, that there is no necessary connexion between sensibility and intellect; but of that enterprising, creative complexion of mind, commonly called genius, it is the basis. A feeling heart is easily affected; and the frequent impressions that it receives are too *home-felt* to be disregarded, or soon forgotten. Rather by rumination and reflection they are repeated, and propagated through a succession of sensations, which become more and more refined, as they are oftener subjected to the revisions of the judgment, and reduced to the order of philosophick decorum. Hence two advantages which, while they indicate, conduce not a little to the perfection of genius, viz. the mind is kept in action; and, by the infinite variety of aspects, with which the imagination is continually solicited, it is furnished with subjects in which the novelty of fiction confers an additional charm on the congeniality of nature.

The exhibitions, both of nature and art, are thrown away upon a phlegmatick disposition. It never feels itself accommodated by any thing but the necessaries of life, or the most common instances of utility. A man of this cast would not be a hundred pounds poorer than he is for all the endowments that ever were attained by study, or displayed by genius. His indifference is proof against the charms of the beautiful, and the magnificence of the sublime; and were there no other witness but himself, it would never be known that there are any such characters in nature. But, on the other hand, the man of feeling not only receives those characters by a complete impression, but perceives their harmony, with an enthusiasm, that sets all his faculties at work, and fertilizes his soul. What is thus committed to him is not *hid in the earth, or laid up in a napkin.* He multiplies those enchanting pictures, with the mutual variety and uniformity of their original; and, if education has furnished him with the aids of language, images forth his mental offspring to people the regions of literary enchantment. Then sensibility is the only soil in which Nature can sow her beauties with certainty of increase.

If the counsels of wisdom lay hold on the pupil's heart, or if his mind yields to the voice of instruction, it is because he was formed of a finer mould, and the elements conspired more harmoniously in his constitution. A natural flexibility prepared him for the plastick hand of education, and completely answered the designs of a judicious tuition, in all the accomplishments of intelligent and social life. The youthful modesty that reddens on his cheek, as the blossom of future excellence, flatters the wishes of parental fondness, and promises to repay the pains of discipline a thousand fold.

That mode of humanity that is sometimes called politeness, and without which human life would be a most inhuman spectacle, is so much owing to sensibility, that I imagine that if the rudest clown that ever wore a hob nail could, by some physical process, be extricated from that slough that he has contracted from his manner of life, he would immediately become an example of all that is valuable in cultivated manners. Sensibility itself is easily pained; and it will be cautious of giving offence in a way that is so open to retaliation; while a sympathetick regard to the feelings of others improves the behaviour into one of the most amiable forms of benevolence.

In a moral point of view likewise, we might, without refining too much, attribute many advantages to sensibility. Sensibility is a nice discerner, and is often shocked at an action of which a man of ordinary feelings would make no matter of conscience at all. As disgust at what is villainous, and abhorrence at what is wicked, counteract the temptation to the one and the other, so the contemplation of a good action gives a pleasure (it is so sublime that I can hardly call it by so common a name) a pleasure, I say, that outweighs a thousand precepts in determining a man to be good: and so, while vulgar souls forbear to rob on the highway, for fear of being hanged, he who is endued with a genuine delicacy spontaneously pursues a course of virtue as the road to happiness.

But here I must give place to a recollection that is but too strongly enforced by repeated observation. Sensibility is not always equable. Men of feeling sometimes (I wish it were seldom) lose the command of themselves, and by an excess of passion, expose themselves to all *the pain*, without *the bliss of dying.* What terrible discord, what thrilling dissonance was that? Why, nothing less than the cry of violated harmony. The instrument had been finely strung, and hundreds have witnessed the sweetness of its tones; but some rude shock has disordered it, and by the conflict of shrill sounds we are reminded, with regret, of its former subserviency to our pleasure. In like manner we may account for the agonizing paroxysms of Sensibility, and sympathize with the keen sensations of a heart, too tender for the rudeness of a scuffling world.

But if the watery surface is easily ruffled, and nothing in nature is more turbulent than the sea in a storm, *the horrible tempest* is

compensated by the succeeding calm, diffusing a tranquillity that no other element can equal: and let it be remembered that the quiet intervals of minds, whose extreme quickness of feeling leaves them too much at the mercy of every wind that blows in this squally period of our existence, is attended with a delightful consciousness, in comparison with which the composure of other men is mere dulness.

M. L.

For The Port Folio.

THE USEFUL ARTS.

On the separation of saline matter, and sebacick acid from the butter commonly called firkin, or keg butter; thereby rendering it equal in point of goodness to fresh.

The celebrated chymists Scheele and Crell, have paid particular attention to the acid contained in fat, by which we understand tallow, lard, butter, train oil, spermaceti, &c. They have obtained it by distillation from those subtances, and by forming soaps with alkalis, as the potash; the oily parts they separated by mixing it with a solution of alum, (supersulphate of alumina and potash, in chymistry), and heating them gradually. Now, as sebacick acid combines with various substances, it unites, in this case, with potash, and forms a salt known in chymistry by the name of sebate of potash; this sebate of potash, meaning the acid of fat, combined with the alkali, is obtained from its solution, by evaporating the liquor until crystallization takes place: but in chymistry, we find that we must decompose this sebate of potash, to obtain pure sebacick acid; for this purpose, we distil in a retort, this salt, with half its weight of sulphurick acid; we then decompose it, in consequence of the devellent power of sulphurick acid overcoming the quiescent affinity of the constituent parts of the salt, we procure the acid in the recipient, and a sulphate of potash in the retort. Having shown what is meant by sebacick acid, we come now to speak more particulary of the subject in question: viz. the purification of butter. To accomplish this, desideratum, as it is undoubtedly of much importance, particularly to the seafaring gentlemen, we must resort, for principles, to the science of chymistry: but in the purification of salt or keg butter, we must separate two substances to effect our object: to wit, the saline matter, muriate of soda, common salt, and the sebacick acid, or acid of fat, which is analogous to the principle of rancidity: which property butter is apt to contract, by exposure to the air, the oxygen being absorbed to constitute the acid, with the radical or base; it is by a somewhat similar process, the rancidity of oils takes place; viz. by a certain principle in the oil, perhaps animal mucilage, decomposing oxygen gas of the atmosphere, and absorbing oxygen; the principle of acidity.

Having given our preliminary remarks, we come now to the

Separation of saline matter.

To separate the saline matter, in keg butter, we may precipitate nearly all the salt, by melting it in a vessel: for this purpose, for several reasons, we must prefer an iron vessel; for instance, a skillet; on applying heat, the calorick repulses the attraction of aggregation, causes the butter to melt, and assume the fluid aggregate: gravity then begins to act, and precipitation, of course, to take place; the saline matter separates to the bottom, and the melted butter is nearly free from salt, and contains only the sebacick acid, which is to be freed by a subsequent process:—by decantation, as the strata are quite distinct, the butter may be freed from the residuum. Copper, or glazed earthenware vessels should not be used for this operation, as they are injurious to the health; because the acid in the butter, by using copper vessels, combines with that metal, produces a greenish compound, the sebate of copper: and, by using glazed vessels, the same effects would ensue, as the oxydes of lead, which enter into the glazing, as a component part, would, by this means, be partly dissolved; and this would form

a poisonous salt, the sebate of lead. Having thus separated the greater portion of the salt, our next object, which we should direct our attention to, would be, to disengage the remaining portion with the sebacick acid. This may be accomplished in two ways: to wit, 1st, pour the butter, when melted, and gone through the first operation, into another skillet, and immediately add a quantity of warm water,* which must be kept in that state, for some minutes; afterwards the whole may be thrown, or the butter alone, if possible, into a churn containing boiling water. By this means, together with agitation, all the remaining saline matter will be dissolved and the sebacick acid will be disengaged. Alcohol, or rectified spirits of wine, also has the property of disengaging the sebacick acid from fat, butter, &c.

Query: Would it not answer to separate the acid in rancid butter; to mix the melted butter with potash, thereby forming a combination of butter, and alkali: afterwards, to add alum in solution, as the acid† of the alum would unite with the potash, thereby disengaging the latter from the butter, which would float on the surface; the sebacick acid, in consequence of a reciprocal affinity, would unite with the argillaceous earth of the alum, forming a sebate; and as all the substances, (except the pure butter), would either precipitate or be held dissolved in the water, the butter, might easily be separated? however, this is merely an idea thrown out, according to certain principles.

Cold, acting upon the melted butter, which we have purified by the former process, counteracts the repulsive effects of heat; of course, assists the attraction of cohesion, and the body assumes a solid form; hence a separation of the aqueous portion, holding the saline matter and the sebacick acid in solution; may be easily accomplished.

(*To be concluded in our next*).

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* Rosewater may be used, to make it more agreeable.

† Sulphurick acid.

For The Port Folio.

THE LAY PREACHER.

"Now when much time was spent, and when sailing was now dangerous, Paul admonished them, and said unto them, Sirs, I perceive that this voyage will be with hurt and much damage, not only of the lading and ship, but also of our lives. Nevertheless the Centurion believed the master and the owner of the ship, more than those things, which were spoken by Paul."

This affectionate admonition so modestly, so courteously, so benignantly expressed, claimed and deserved all the Centurion's regard. But this appeal, both to the reason and the passions of a Roman soldier was ineffectual. The warning voice of Sagacity, the counsel of Prudence, and even the silver tones of Eloquence itself, neither convinced nor persuaded vulgar Obstinacy. Why? "because the Centurion *believed the master and the owner of the ship, more* than those things, which were spoken by Paul." The genius of Foreknowledge herself personified by an Apostle, rears her aspiring form on the Cretan strand, and darts her eyes of keenness across the Adriatick Gulf. She sees, in the gloomy distance, every image of night, and tempest, and terrour, she sees the shattered mast, and hears the howl of the tempest, and the shrieks of the mariner. She exclaims in her most friendly voice to the Centurion and his companions: Beware, my Julius, beware my brethren, weigh not anchor, winter at Crete, unfurl no sail, till genial Spring time come, and South winds softly blow.

Is it possible that men will not listen to such a monitor? Is the *deaf adder* always an emblem of human perverseness, which will not hearken to the voice of the charmer, charming ever so wisely? Yes, it seems to be a characteristick of our nature, often to treat with contemptuous neglect, advice the most salutary, and prophesyings the most authentick, and to rush with desperate zeal, hoodwinked to perdition.

But I shall not detain my readers with moralizing, which they may think dulness, when it is in my power to

describe a voyage, which I am sure they will pronounce entertaining.

To understand the full import of Paul's caution, the centurion's carelessness, and the sinister consequences, which followed from the latter, let us look into the last chapter of the Acts. It is short, but it is exceedingly copious of amusement and instruction.

In consequence of the zeal of St. Paul, in defence of the Christian Faith, he is accused, tried, and condemned before a provincial Tribunal. He appeals, and is ordered to embark for Rome. This voyage to Italy commences with every evil omen. The accused Apostle first enters into a ship of Adramyttium. But the winds are contrary. After being tossed about, and crossing two seas, the desired haven is still at a distance, and at Myra, an Alexandrian vessel receives our illustrious wanderer. Here again navigation is checked. Some torpedo seems to cling to the keel. The winds will not suffer the ship to pursue her course. *They sailed slowly many days.* Their lagging progress is finely described, by almost every word in the context. The line labours almost as much as the ship. They could hardly pass one of the petty islands in the Mediterranean. They have not yet lost sight of Candia. Meanwhile, Autumn advances. Much time has been lost, and though the Halcyon now sits brooding on the unruffled wave, yet Winter and Tempest and Trouble are at hand. The deceitful tranquillity of the sea and the sky did not delude Paul. He needed no almanack to foretel him of the foul weather, which approached, nor took an observation, except by the glass of Experience and Sagacity. He discerned mischief at the very verge of the horizon, in *the little cloud no bigger than a man's hand.* He told his fellow passengers plainly, that the voyage would prove perilous, not merely to the vessel and cargo, but to themselves. He doubtless enforced his admonition with all the arguments, which his dexterous logick could so adroitly employ, and all that blandishment, which his graceful elocution could lavish. In short, he appealed directly not only to their good sense, but to their interest, and to their fears. If Wisdom, Authority, Genius, Learning, insinuating manners, and versatile talents were ever combined in one man, and all employed for the benefit of his fellow men, it was on this occasion. Julius, the centurion, in whose custody Saint Paul is detained, had just witnessed the astonishing powers of the Apostle, in the course of his arduous trial before King Agrippa, and the captious Festus; before a Jewish Viceroy, and a Roman Procurator, both of them his mortal enemies. On this interesting occasion, the Apostle displayed so much eloquence, assisted by all the powers of Reason, Innocence, Truth, and Nature, that even his austerer Judge, relenting, is almost won over to Christianity, and both Agrippa and Festus, with a harmony that does them honour, agree that this fascinating man deserved neither death nor disgrace, and that he might have been liberated, had he not appealed to a higher tribunal. The centurion was so forcibly struck with the generous qualities of this great man's mind, that though he held him as a prisoner, he treated him with the utmost humanity, and, on their arrival at Sidon, he had so much confidence in his honour and integrity, and so much compassion for his misfortunes, that, as it is beautifully expressed in the original, Julius courteously intreated Paul, and gave him liberty to go unto his friends to refresh himself. Yet with all these favourable impressions, this polite, and gentle, and generous soldier, like too many men of the world, was swayed by ignorant, mechanical, and mercenary people, and trusted vulgar Credulity rather than Philosophick Genius. Although he had such recent experience of the abilities of the Apostle, *nevertheless*, I am ashamed to add the miserable and disgraceful conclusion, nevertheless, the centurion believed the master and the owner of the ship, more than those things, which were spoken by Paul. A venal owner of the cargo and an ignorant mariner, who, as it appears had scarcely a chart to steer by, put to si-

lence even the tongue of an Apostle. Thus does the "learned pate duck to the golden fool," thus, in common life, is the honourable merchant supplanted by the vulgar pedler; thus, is the scholar often defeated by the dunce, and thus does the long-eared ass of drudgery sometimes gain more attention than the fleetest zebra, that ever bounded over the hills. The pilot and the owner easily persuade the credulous centurion. The *crew* too, always restless and fond of change, are eager to depart. Because, in their absurd opinion, the *Fair haven*, where they were at anchor in safety, was not perfectly commodious to winter in, *the more part advised to depart thence, if, by any means, they might attain to Phenicé*. These mad mariners consulted nothing but their own impatient humour, listened to nothing, but to that deceitful breeze, which is courted to waft them to some *other port*; and, when the South wind blew softly, supposing that they had obtained their purpose, with all the credulity of foolishness, and all the rashness of desperation they set sail, in defiance of Paul and of Prudence herself.

Let us mark the consequences of so romantick an adventure, instigated by the *voice of the people*, and pursued by an opinionated owner, a fool-hardy pilot, and a crew of madcap mariners, who, probably, with all the plausibility of pert Pretension, talked to the goodnatured centurion about tides and currents, as though inspired by the very Genius of the Sea.

But not long after there arose a tempestuous wind called Euroclydon; and now we shall have a fine specimen of the skill of these selfwilled sailors. They are in the utmost confusion and consternation. They abandon the vessel to the mercy of the storm. She reels to and fro, with a motion more giddy than the drunkards who have thus exposed her. The description is so emphatical and picturesque in the original, that it merits transcription. "And when the ship *was caught*, and could not bear up into the wind, *we let her drive*. And running under a certain Island, which is called Clauda, we *had much work* to come by the boat which, when they had taken up, they used helps, undergirding the ship; and, *fearing lest they should fall into the quicksands, strake sail*, and so *were driven*. And we being exceedingly tossed with a tempest, the next day they lightened the ship, and the third day we cast out with our own hands the tackling. And when *neither sun nor stars in many days appeared*, and no *small tempest* lay on us, *all hope that we should be saved was then taken away*.

VIRGIL's description of a storm in the first book of an Epick poem, which is the boast of ages, and the darling of Criticism, may be more elaborate, yet is not more affecting than the above narrative.

But the misfortunes of these miserable mariners are by no means at an end. During the space of a fortnight, a most tremendous interval, the storm rages with unmitigated wrath. They are buffetted by all the billows of the Adriatick Sea. At starless midnight, dreading the peril of hidden rocks, they cast four anchors out of the ship, and WISHED FOR THE DAY. Infatuated, intimidated men, how often did ye wish not only for the dawn of a serene morning, but that ye had listened to the voice of the Saint and the Sage, and not have loosed from Crete to have gained this harm and loss.

Though Paul had been so maltreated by these misguided men, he does not attempt to revenge himself in the height of their calamity. After calmly expostulating with them on the enormous absurdity of their conduct, his very next accents are those of comfort and consolation. He exhorts the dejected mariner to be of good cheer, assures him that no life shall be lost, predicts, as from the beginning, the shipwreck, as a punishment for their temerity, then renews his topicks of cheerfulness, and apprizes them that they will reach the Island of Malta in safety.

Thus terminates the voyage of this crazy Alexandrian skiff, whose owner was Self-Love, whose helmsman was Rashness, and whose sailors were

Blindness, Caprice, and Obstinacy. As might be expected, even by an individual of far less penetration than Paul, this illmanaged and illfated vessel *ran aground*, and a pitiful figure she makes on the shore, with her head stuck in the sand, and her stern broken with the violence of the waves. The cargo gluts the sea, the ship is wrecked on the strand, and on disjointed planks and broken boards, overwhelmed with fear, harrassed by hunger, drenched with rain, and benumbed with cold, instead of a secure haven and a comfortable home under the clement skies of their regretted Italy, the mariners find themselves on a barren rock and among a barbarous people.

Shakspeare, somewhere, describing a herd of a similar character to the crew in the text, remarks, that *they'll take suggestion as a cat laps milk*. Our rash mariners had all this facility. Without making a wry face, they swallowed every word of the owner and master of the ship, with as much ease as they would a sugar'd medicine, but it proved to be the bitterest pill they had ever taken, and, as we have seen, aggravated all the horrours of their *sea sickness* to a tenfold degree.

We have now finished a narrative of this sinister voyage, which, we are afraid, as far as our own pen has been employed, will prove as fatiguing to our readers, as it was to the remonstrating Saint, and the rebellious crew. One natural inference shall now be drawn, which may be considered as the moral of this essay.

In every country, in every age, how often has this despicable farce of human perverseness been exhibited. How obstinately do men shut their eyes against the radiance of Reason, and stop their ears, to exclude the voice of Truth.

In seasons of political peril, for example, how often has a sagacious statesman, whose wisdom and prescience have been tried, as it were, in a balance, and uniformly stood the test of an unerring standard, cautioned in vain, both the officer and the mariner not to embark madly in the crazy ship Desparation. Some *narrow* calculation, some *short-sighted* policy, some giddy humour predominated over Experience, Prudence, and Genius. Men rush to their ruin. The *Euroclydon* rises. The bleak North-east of Adversity howls in every ear. The fatal *Levanter* sweeps the sea and the sky. The *fountains of the great deep are broken up*, and our bark and the crew are dashed on the quicksands of Destruction.

ECCENTRICK ADVERTISEMENTS.

The following exquisite specimen of style, we borrow from a Boston paper, and recommend to those oratours who, in future, may display their abilities on the Fourth of July, to take lessons from Mr. Choice, the *American*. As the Proprietor of the following invaluable articles, is, to use his own expression of a *singular turn*, he will probably obtain much credit from a people, who as it is reported, being *full of notions* themselves, will not be offended with a little eccentricity in another.

Our American advertiser, unlike many a presuming Englishman, who visits us, is no *travelling man of deceptions*, like that cursed MOORE, for instance, who went about, seeking whom he might devour, and debauched all the wives and daughters in the land. But, though some men *think light* of *many things*, *Honesty and Justice will have* sway, and Peter Choice be a chosen vessel exhaling all the *aroma* of the East. In consequence of profoundly plunging into discoveries, and the delight he feels in beholding machinery going on in a sort of patriotick journey, for the good of the country, he has found a relief for the eye, and a relief for the tooth, a reviver of hair, and a *restorer of lips*. God bless him. Those *pretended* ivory and *swine's hair* brushes, which have rubbed the enamel from our teeth, and driven all patience from our souls, are superseded by a skilful *Regulator;* and as for his Cordial of Life, if, as the

name imports, it should turn out to be *French Brandy*, by St. Cogniack, Mr. Choice, your customers will be innumerable.

NEW INVENTIONS,

By Peter Choice, *an American.*

As the publick are troubled with *many ravelling men of deceptions, making their appearance too* often, which *makes them think light* of many things that are *brought forward at the* present day; but *honesty and justice will have sway.* There is once in a while a quack offers his medicines, but they are a mixture of ignorance and boldness. They never have any practice, nor any education fit for the undertaking

You will often find them running down all other discoveries, as impositions and falsehoods. Such men are not friends of society. They never spend any thing for knowledge or information; their only object is to accumulate wealth. On the contrary, a man striving to do good *plunges into discoveries*, values neither time nor money to do good to society; *money is not his only object.* No, his object is, to relieve the distressed, and ease the labours of man. He *delights in seeing machinery and discoveries going on for the benefit* of the country.

The Proprietor humbly offers to the publick the following invaluable preparations.

The Transparent Eye Relief, cures all humours and redness of the Eye, and strengthens the sight. It is allowed to be superiour to any thing of the kind, heretofore made use of. Price 25 cents per bottle.

The Invaluable Tooth Relief, which *by its virtue*, will effectually relieve the teeth from all pain, and will restore them to their whiteness. It is superiour to any tooth-powder, for cleaning the teeth, and besides, it leaves an excellent sweet breath. One bottle of Invaluable Restorative will do as much service, as three boxes of common tooth-powder. It will also preserve the teeth from *being affected.* Price 25 cents per bottle, with directions for using.

A new invented Tooth Regulator, which is superiour to any tooth brush, for cleaning the teeth. It will, by using, cleanse the teeth from every thing disagreeable, with ease. It will last years longer than any tooth brush, and is less hurtful to the gums, than those *pretended ivory and swine's hair*, which are often rough and disagreeable, by its being made of silver, with a spunge at one end, and a piece of flannel at the other. Price from 75 to 150 cents a-piece.

The invaluable Lip Restorative—This will cure the lips of all rough and soreness, and make them smooth and beautiful. Those who are much exposed to the wind in cold weather, ought to provide themselves with a box of this Invaluable Restorative, as a remedy for sore lips. Price 25 cents per box

The Cordial of Life; which will effectually remove the most obstinate colds, coughs, &c. in a short time, and it will also relieve the distressing headache and dizziness, *caused by a nervous debility.* It is preferable to any thing for children, for a cold: *one bottle of it will entirely remove a cold.* Price 25 cents per bottle.

The powerful Hair Reviver, which removes all dandruff from the hair, cleanses it from every disagreeable smell, and gives it a pleasant perfume; it will make the hair easier to curl, or grow to any length wanted, by frequently applying it. It needs no recommending. Price 25 cents per box, with directions for using.

The proprietor of the above is *of a singular turn, wishing to be useful to others, as well as himself.*

☞The above articles may be had of the Proprietor, Peter Choice, at his house, opposite Moody Chase's Tavern, Haverhill, Massachusetts. *Patent Right secured.*

LEVITY.

For The Port Folio.

In a former number of The Port Folio, we published the quizzical Chinese song of Hoang Ho. We presume that Hoang Si, who makes his appearance in the ensuing stanzas is his brother. We are not positive as to the birth place of these verses; we found them like a bantling in a basket, in Dr. Aikin's Athaneum, a miscellany of merit Whether they boast a Chinese or a British birth they have pretensions to the favour of the liberal.

THE CHINESE LOVER.

In Pekin's stately city dwelt
A lady matchless fair,
Throughout all China there was none
That could with her compare.
Twas more than beauty, more than wit,
That fir'd her speaking eye;
With one sweet glance she stole the heart
of Hoang Si.

Her cheek outvied the mountain snows,
Her brows by nature, were
More thin, more beautifully form'd,
Than others pluck'd with care.

'Twas on her cheek, and on her brow,
And in her deep set eye,
Love bade his arrows lurk, to wound
poor Hoang Si.

Why, sweetly tottering, mov'd the maid
In garden and in grove?
Too little were her beauteous feet
To bear the queen of love!
Why strove she not, by look or word?
But stood with downcast eye,
Love gave her silent voice to speak
To Hoang Si.

When Hansi mov'd, all other grace
Eclipsed was, and gone;
As taper lights when Phœbus shines
As night at break of morn.
Like little diamonds dropped in snow,
Were her bright eyes, but, ah!
Relentless parents bade them beam
On Song-lin-Shah.

O why did Fortune make her rich?
Or why was I so poor?
I met the lustre of her eye
And thought my bliss secure,
Till richer proffers favour woo'd,
Successful, woo'd, for, ah!
Too cruel Fate! herself she gave
To Song-lin-Shah.

Far from my breast my reason fled,
And left me quite forlorn;
I wandered to the deserts drear,
With all my garments torn.
I taught the caverns to complain,
I made their echoes cry,
Reverberative to my moans,
Poor Hoang Si.

I have been in the Indian lands,
And on the Persian sea,
But never, never could regain
My heart's sweet liberty.
Oft have I play'd the pipe of peace
And borne the sword, yet ah!
Could ne'er forget the beauteous wife
Of Song—lin—Shah.

—

For The Port Folio.

The Ballad of William and Margaret, of which Andrew Marvell was contented with the authourship, and David Mallet of the reputation, has been often successfully burlesqued.—The following parody is merely tolerable.

'Twas at the silent solemn hour,
When night and morning meet,
In glided cook maid Margery's Ghost,
And stood at William's feet.

Her face was like thick clouted cream,
Before it has been churn'd,
And clay cold was her brawny fist,
That oft' fore fires had burn'd.

So shall the fairest face appear,
When youth and years are flown;
Such is the robe we all must wear,
When Death has knock'd us down.

Her bloom was like the best house lamb,
Her skin was soft and sleek,
Not even rump steaks could excel,
The colour of each cheek.

But love and disappointment had
Brought Margery to her death,
To drown her grief, she took to Gin,
Which soon stopp'd up her breath.

Billy, awake, thou faithless man,
Leave snoring for a while,
And hear a long and dismal tale,
How you did me beguile.

The Watchman's call'd past three o'clock,
Awake my Billy dear,
Most drunken blades are sleeping off
The fumes of punch and beer.

William, remember when you gave,
To me this letter broken,
It was forever to remain,
As a true lover's token.

Why did you say, you'd marry me,
And not that promise keep;
Why did you say my eyes were bright,
Yet leave those eyes to weep.

How could you say my face was fair,
It might the lily mock,
Behold it now has changed its hue,
And whiter than my smock.

Why did you say my lips, for red
Excell'd my scarlet cloak,
And why did I, young, artless maid,
Believe what you had spoke.

My fingers oft' you did admire,
When I've been raising paste,
And swore among your female friends,
None had so small a waist.

Ah, cruel youth! those days are past,
When I did look so gay,
Instead of kindling amorous flames,
I'm now for grubs a prey.

But hark! I hear the housemaid stir,
Billy, my love, adieu,
I hope you'll sometimes think on her,
Who died for love of you.

The clock struck five, up William got,
And scratch'd his itching head,
Then leisurely pull'd off his cap,
And, yawning, left his bed.

He slowly walk'd to the Church-yard,
Where Margaret was laid,

Then heav'd a sigh, and pensive cry'd,
Adieu, thou charming maid.

And thrice he call'd on Margaret's name,
And thrice he wept full sore,
Then wip'd his eyes, and blow'd his nose,
And thought of her no more.

VARIETY.

In the rough blast heaves the billow,
In the light air waves the willow;
Every thing of moving kind
VARIES with the veering wind:
What have I to do with thee,
Dull, unjoyous Constancy?

Sombre tale, and satire witty,
Sprightly glee, and doleful ditty,
Measur'd sighs, and roundelay,
Welcome all! but do not stay.
What have I to do with thee,
Dull, unjoyous Constancy?

LATE LORD KENYON.

A splendid Monument has been lately erected in the Parish Church of Hanmer, in the county of Flint, to the memory of that truly great character, the late Lord KENYON. It is of the usual pyramidical shape, and is divided in height into nearly two equal parts; the lowest is occupied in the centre by a projecting pedestal, containing the following dignified and most appropriate inscription:—

LLOYD LORD KENYON,
Baron of Gredington, in the County of Flint,
Lord Chief Justice of England.
In the Execution of his high and important
Magistracy, he was eminently distinguished
for
Learning, Discernment, Firmness, and Integrity;
Not only was he qualified to administer the
Laws with Fidelity, Promptitude and
Vigour, but, as the Guardian of the
Publick Morals,
To instruct, admonish, and reform;
For
The authority of his high station, great and
weighty
In itself, was strengthened, graced, and dignified, by the religious simplicity of
his own character,
And the untainted purity of his Habitual
Conduct.
Dear to his Family,
In every Office and Relation of Domestick
Life,
He has left a Name,
To which they look up with affectionate and
honest Pride,
And which his country will remember
With Gratitude and Veneration,
So long as her Happiness and her Glory
shall continue to depend on the great
and united Principles of
Religion, Law, and Order.
Born, October 5th, 1732. O. S.
Died, April 4th, 1802.

On the right hand of, and adjoining, the pedestal, is a spirited figure of watchful Justice, with the Libra, and unsheathed sword; on the left hand is a beatiful figure of Religion, bearing the Cross, and Book of Life, opened in Proverbs, at the verse, "*The memory of the just shall be blessed*" From the top of the pedestal rises a Gothick niche, from which a grand curtain being supposed to be thrown back, a sitting figure of his Lordship is seen, in his Parliamentary robes, and though small is esteemed a very striking likeness.

The whole monument is of fine white marble, the figures are in *alto relievo*, and the design and execution such as must add to the increasing reputation of John Bacon, jun. the Sculptor.

CROSS READINGS.

FROM THE BALANCE.

A fire lately raged in—the heads of Burr, Adair, and Comfort Tyler, which did great damage to the inhabitants.

The new treaty with Great Britan—died last night, with a cold caught in the passage.

The President, we understand, has declined the honour of another—trip to Carter's Mountain.

The late freshet has done much damage to 1600 pair ladies' and gentlemen's shoes.

All persons are hereby forbid harbouring—the Stratford new Bridge—seen by Capt. Buddington, in company with five others, going towards Boston.

FROM THE EMERALD.

Thirty pipes Cogniack brandy—for four or five gentlemen of the court.

Many articles of foreign intelligence—were unfortunately consumed by the fire.

Upland cotton—for the young ladies' academy.

Lost, supposed to be stolen—five miles of the Newburyport turnpike.

The senate yesterday, by yeas and nays,—took a few boxes of Hamilton's worm destroying Lozenges.

An act to suspend the operation of—any quantity of distilled spirits.

Several ladies of distinguished fashion—will be sold by publick auction to the highest bidder.

Taken by execution—the new representatives to Congress.

A wet nurse wanted—for the benefit of Harvard College.

The southern mail establishment—has been indicted for disorderly conduct.

The theatre during the season—has lost its main stays, and been in a very leaky condition.

The third subscription assembly—contained many articles of no value, except to the owner.

A man was lately detected in—preaching to a large congregation.

IMPROMPTU,

On hearing the honourable Mrs. Coventry, accompanied by the young Spaniard, playing the Delightful air, "*La Belle Lolottee.*"

Let the Belles of the Court and the City lament,
That the Graces, all three, are to Coventry sent;
And so are the Muses in spite of Apollo,
And the Fashions are daily expected to follow;
While our Wits the reproach of the adage forego,
For to Coventry now, 'tis an honour to go.

G. B.

Perhaps no poet of equal pretensions is so little read as Richard Savage: many remember his misfortunes, but few mention his verses. Why it has so fallen out it is difficult to say. Pope commended his muse, and Johnson pronounced him a genius; and one would suppose, that the suffrages of such men were a sure indication of his durable renown. But if the Bastard be excepted, there is little now by which he is recalled, beside the Epigram on Dennis, and the Biography of his Friend. Among the wits of his day, he was as brilliant and ragged as Apollo could wish; and though his life was irregular, his muse was correct. Poor Savage! in the melancholy records of that description of gentlemen denominated bards, thy history is mournfully preeminent, and, though thy song may be neglected, thy errours will be remembered for a humiliation to genius.

To the genius of the late Mrs. C. Smith, we are indebted for the following Stanzas.

HOPE, A ROND'AU.

Parody on Lord Strangford's "Just like Love."

Just like Hope is yonder bow,
That from the centre bends so low,
Where bright prismatick colours show,
How gems of heavenly radiance glow,
Just like Hope!

Yet if to the illusion new,
The Pilgrim should the arch pursue,
Farther and farther from his view,
It flies, then melts in chilling dew,
Just like Hope!

ORIGINAL POETRY.

For The Port Folio.

Mr. Oldschool,

The Cacoethis scribendi must certainly be the epidemick of the day, or I could not have been tempted to write on so hackneyed a topick as the following; however, if the trifle finds a place in The Port Folio, you may, perhaps, hear again from

Lurcanio, the Wanderer.

TO LAURA.

Le beaulte n'est ung fruict de garde.

Beauty, Love is but a flower,
Born to bloom its transient hour;
Like the fragrant vernal rose
While the zephyr gently blows,
But when storms and tempests rise
See it withers, droops, and dies:
So the cruel hand of Time
Scatters beauty e'er its prime.
Think, O, think, how swift away,

Flies each fairy-footed day;
Soon, too soon the cares of age
All our feeling must engage.
Why then waste the moments now?
Why defer thy lover's vow?
For the lustre soon shall fly
From thy mildly beaming eye,
Soon thy swelling coral lip
Age shall of its freshness strip;
Soon thy glowing cheek shall lose
Modest Beauty's roseate hues;
Soon thy polish'd ivory brow,
Time with furrows deep shall plough;
Soon the snows of age shall shed,
Tints of silver o'er thy head;
Soon thy graceful form decay,
All thy beauties fade away;
Soon the universal doom
Must conduct us to the tomb;
Why then waste the morning now?
Why defer thy lover's vow?

—

For The Port Folio.

POOR MARY.

"He simply told the village tale."

Stay stranger—see yon drooping fair,
Why stream the tears from either eye?
Why loose her locks of auburn hair,
And pale her cheek? Say, stranger, why?

The lily now usurps the place
On Mary's cheek, where bloom'd the rose;
Her eye once beam'd with ev'ry grace,
Which now with pearly tears o'erflows.

What bids those pearly tears to flow,
And dims the radiance of those eyes?
Why bears the maid that garb of wo,
Say, why does Mary heave those sighs?

"The tale is sad. Young Henry lov'd
The weeping maid; his love was true,
And Mary soon his vows approved,
For Henry's matchless worth she knew.

Each youth and maiden bless'd the pair,
Their love became the village theme,
But joy was darken'd by despair,
And vanish'd like a morning dream.

For, ah! the bud of love scarce bloom'd,
(Their guileless hearts with hopes elate,)
When to the grave untimely doom'd,
Poor Mary mourn'd her Henry's fate!

T'was this that caus'd that look of wo,
And chang'd to pale that rosy hue,
For this those tears of sorrow flow,
And dim her eyes of heavenly blue."

Sweet maid, farewell—thy sorrows claim
A tear from gentle Pity's eye,
And when we sigh poor Mary's name,
That Echo should responsive sigh,
Poor Mary.

S.

—

For The Port Folio.

ODE, ON WINTER.

By Lucas George.

Stern Winter comes to bid us mourn,
And lays the face of Nature bare;
His voice on wings of winds is borne,
He brings ten thousand forms of care.

A growing tempest veils the sky;
The moon is hurried through the clouds;
Now light, now dark, she passes by:
The angry stars the storm enshrouds.

Hark! the wind roars among the trees;
The savage hides within his cave;
Wild uproar rages on the seas;
The sailor trembles on the wave.

Safe to my chamber I retire;
A thousand gloomy thoughts prevail;
I draw the chair, and stir the fire,
And listen to the passing gale.

A spirit on its wings I hear,
That sternly says, or seems to say,
Remember, man, thy time is near,
The time that calls thee hence away.

From the fair fields of life and pride,
Thy wandering soul is doomed to fly,
To worlds far distant, wild, and wide;
Think, Oh! how awful tis to die;

Thus, every gale, that rudely blows,
Brings a memento to the mind,
And terrour more gigantick grows,
And aims a dart with every wind.

Great Authour of this awful scene!
Thy works with wonder I adore,
Teach me to think on what has been,
And what it is to be no more.

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